Mischa Approves and Hannibal Couldn't Be Happier

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Mischa Approves and Hannibal Couldn't Be Happier

by Watermelonsmellinfellon

Summary

Prompt from comeoncurly on Tumblr: 'I want an AU where Hannibal has like a young daughter, like maybe 1 or 2, who is pretty picky about company and sort of just likes to be with her daddy most the time, but then in comes like super awkward twitchy Will who she just takes a shine too and absolutely adores and she constantly wants will to hold her and Will is like???????? and Hannibal is just like yeah same.'

A/N: I added some stuff though.

Notes

For comoncurly. ^-^

Hannibal is a good father.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Hannibal.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR, HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Hannibal had made many mistakes in his life and only one of them bore worthwhile fruit. His little Mischa.

Somehow, the little daughter he had accidentally created with Alana Bloom, had ended up being a perfect replica of Hannibal's deceased sister. In loving memory, she was christened for her late aunt.

Alana did not survive the birth and while Hannibal would miss her mind, he hadn't really felt drawn to her. She was simply a student. A young woman he had allowed himself to be minutely intimate with. When she had died, he lamented the loss of her mind, but nothing else.

He had Mischa after all.

She was brilliant, learning to walk all on her own, from simply observing him. She liked it when he played the harpsichord for her to calm her down. She had certain words she could say and others she had trouble with. Hannibal was teaching her Lithuanian and English, knowing that exposing her to both early on in life would help her.

She ate the food he made her without fuss. Rarely made a spectacle of herself. She adored being held in his arms and had blue eyes that could pierce him through and through.

One evening, while watching her sleep, Hannibal realized that she would need another influence in her life. Gender mattered not, so long as she liked them as much as Hannibal did.

Hannibal was thirty-three when he reentered Baltimore's high social class. Mischa was only two years of age, but she was a smart child and knew when someone wasn't good for her father.

Hannibal relied on her, because he would never subject her to the presence of someone she hated or didn't like.

Mischa loved her papa and her papa loved her.

Hannibal could never get a nanny, because Mischa was very particular and trusted none of the people Hannibal had attempted to hire. She would cry and cry until he took her away from the strangers.

At least Hannibal was comforted by the fact that those very same people were too boring and rude to deal with and he'd rung up countless names to visit when Mischa was old enough to behave with someone who wasn't him.

Hannibal was not used to being attacked. He was always the one doing the attacking, but someone had broken in his house and had tried to kill him in his sleep. If Mischa had not already been awake and begun to scream, he wouldn't be alive and neither would she.

Hannibal had to grapple with the man, leading him from the room so that Mischa did not have to witness his death.

The man was familiar. Tobias Budge. Hannibal had seen him at the opera before Mischa had been born. He owned a music shop in downtown Baltimore. Played the violin and even supplied the strings on Hannibal's harpsichord.

Knowing that he couldn't leave Mischa just so he could deal with the body, he called the police, wincing just slightly at the bruise on his face that he'd allowed the man to put there. His wrist was bleeding from a piano wire being wrapped around it and he'd been stabbed in the thigh. He'd also taken both himself and the man down the stairs and he had to appreciate his own ingenuity for having them carpeted.

Hannibal double checked his secrets before he returned to Mischa's side, lifting her from her cradle.

The police arrived, asking questions as paramedics tried to help Hannibal, though nothing was working because Mischa was fussy with others and wouldn't allow anyone else to hold her. So Hannibal had to wait for medical aid.

When Hannibal gave what little information he knew about the man who attacked him, the two officers shared a look and informed him that they may have to get the FBI involved.

He fit the profile that had recently been created for the man who had killed a trombonist on the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra the former week.

Hannibal was already irritated because of the attack on his little family, but now he was going to have federal agents poking around. Still, he acquiesced because it was the expected thing to do and it would be rude to deny them.

Within a few hours, Hannibal was confronted with Jack Crawford, head of the BAU. Jack and his team entered Hannibal's house and began scanning everything, noting the forced entry, the scuffs from Tobias' shoes, the blood on Hannibal.

Hannibal had to free his arms so that a Ms. Beverly Katz could get samples off his clothing. She apologized profusely when one of her coworkers took Mischa from his arms and his

daughter began crying.

Hannibal was forced to watch as his daughter was passed from hand to hand until she was suddenly deposited in the arms of a very scruffy man. He didn't match in the least, his reddish, plaid shirt was wrinkled, standing out against this yellow and green coat. His jeans were frayed by the ankles and his brown shoes were hideous.

He had unruly, dark chocolate curls, covered his blue eyes with glasses that were too big and too ugly, and he was unshaven, making him look like a ruffian.

But what Hannibal noticed the most… was that Mischa was silent.

The man stared down at the child in his hands, which were held as far away from his body as physically possible. He looked alarmed, as if he didn't know what to do with her, but no one seemed to lending him any support.

Hannibal eyed him like a hungered hawk, just waiting for his prey to make a mistake. The man brought Mischa closer, until her head could rest against his chest. He balanced her with one arm under her bum and the other around her back, like a protective belt. He still looked wary, though he curiously made no eye contact with anyone.

Meanwhile, the paramedics were final able to help Hannibal's injuries now that Mischa was out of the way and not losing her mind.

"Will!"

The man looked up, so obviously that was his name. Jack Crawford was looking at him expectantly and 'Will' stuttered.

"I can't bring her near *him*! Just… just wait."

Will turned from Jack and approached Hannibal cautiously, still not looking above Hannibal's waist.

"Dr. Lecter, can you describe Tobias Budge for me?"

Quirking a brow, Hannibal decided to humor the man. "Tobias Budge was a fellow member of the Board of Baltimore's Symphony Orchestra. He played the violin and the cello and owned a string shop in downtown Baltimore where he also gave lessons for both instruments. He said that the strings were made personally though if anyone asked me, I should tell them he got them in Italy. He was a little rude too, attempts to kill me aside."

"Strings are usually made of cat guts, right?"

"Yes," Hannibal nodded, surprised that the man even knew that.

Will nodded, staring down at Mischa's head of blonde curls.

"Was the trombonist that was murdered, any good?"

Thrown off by the unexpected question, Hannibal shook his head slowly. "Not particularly. He'd been a member of the orchestra for four years and for some of us with an ear for music, he wasn't the best. Lacked soul and presence."

Will nodded, eyes blinking rapidly.

"Three murders, all displayed as cellos, missing their intestines. String shop owner with homemade strings that are usually cat guts, but he decided for a different kind of gut. But the murders happened recently and were on display for a reason. He was serenading someone. Trying to show them that he could create beautiful music as well as masterpieces. However, this someone did not reply and he felt insulted…" Will trailed off, looking at Hannibal, eyes seeing something but it wasn't Hannibal.

Hannibal was impressed at the man's ramblings and how quickly he was forming a picture. This profiler - because he couldn't be anything but that - was interesting. And Mischa liked him.

"Had you recently taken a vacation, Dr. Lecter?"

"Yes, I was caring for my daughter and reentered the social scene about a month ago."

"*You*," said Will simply. "He was serenading you. But why?"

Will's blue eyes tried all along Hannibal's body, his mumbling barely heard to even Hannibal's ear so he knew no one else could hear them. Especially since everyone else was more then ten feet away.

"Cultured and refined gentleman. Opulent, though was not always that way. Exotic. A doctor…"

Will met her eyes for the first time, his fidgeting stopping altogether. "Were you a surgeon, Dr. Lecter?" he asked in a low tone.

Having no idea why it was important, Hannibal nodded.

To his surprise, Will's eyes dilated instantly and a knowing look overcame him. His ramblings came even faster and more quiet this time. "*Serenading a fellow artist, hoping to impress with his skill. Apparently, his skills weren't appreciated. He was rather bland, wasn't he? Rude. So rude, like a pig. A pig with no more purpose than to be used in the ultimate art form. An amazing display he would have been. And his organs would have been the perfect trophies had a fussy daughter not needed such close attention.*"

Hannibal felt his entire being stiffen without his consent. This profiler had managed to work all of that out with simply five questions?

Hannibal was surrounded by armed officers and would not stand a chance in silencing this man who had him in checkmate. Especially not when he had his arms full of Hannibal's life and soul. So he waited for this man to reveal his best kept secret, stomach dropping in a rare burst of fear.

Will did nothing however. His dilated eyes returned to normal and he ceased eye contact with Hannibal, looking down to Mischa and then to the floor where his mouth moved but nothing came out.

He then looked up to Jack Crawford and his words hand Hannibal on the edge of his chair.

"Tobias killed the three men. Dr. Lecter had taken a break to care for his daughter and when he returned, Tobias thought his fellow music lover would appreciate his work, but when Dr. Lecter made no replies and sought out others for companionship, he became angered and decided to punish him. If he couldn't have Dr. Lecter, then no one would."

"So he really *was* serenading someone? This was a crime of passion?" Jack asked, looking mildly disgusted.

"Yeah. I guarantee he'll have a room in his shop, dedicated to his stolen intestines and his strings."

Will said nothing else after that, merely keeping his attention on Mischa.

Hannibal was floored, because the man obviously knew about Hannibal, but had chosen not to say anything. Why? To get Hannibal in his debt perhaps?

Will handed Mischa over, or at least tried to though she was clinging to his shirt rather tightly. Both men tried to dislodge her, but she refused to budge and Hannibal couldn't help but laugh in exasperation and astonishment.

"She doesn't like people," he told the profiler. "Hates being held by anyone but me… yet she clings to you."

"What?"

"I can't even begin to explain."

After some humming and gentle maneuvers, both men managed to get Will free, though Mischa was pouting by the time she was back in Hannibal's arms, her own arms reaching out to Will.

"Hold!" she demanded.

One of the few English words she knew. Papa, food, yes, no, hold, and then a few Lithuanian words as well.

Will's worry disappeared and was replaced by a smile that seemed to light up his face. "I have to go now," he said softly, though not slowly. He didn't treat her as if she was an invalid.

"No!" insisted Mischa.

"Mischa, Mr. Will has to leave now," Hannibal said, eyeing the man who was so interesting and perplexing.

"No!" she said again, frowning.

"Perhaps, Mr. Will would like to join us for dinner," Hannibal suggested, laying the bait.

"It's Will Graham, and I think I'd love to have dinner with you, Dr. Lecter."

Bait taken.

And something in Will's eyes told Hannibal that he was not joking.

"Seven thirty okay for you?"

"Shall I bring anything?"

"Yourself will be good enough."

Will had met the Chesapeake Ripper and he wasn't expecting the man to be a father. No wonder the Ripper murders had stopped for the past two years. He was more intent on taking care of his child than anything else.

And Will… he was besotted.

His cover at the FBI was good, allowing him to do what he liked and keeping him under the radar.

He'd been following the Chesapeake Ripper case ever since the man came into the scene. The killer was the focal point of Will's interests. His flair and his art. And Will was completely smitten with the idea. To have a face to put to the profile was like heaven.

And Will had a date with him.

Perhaps he'd learn of the man's methods. They could compare notes. Will's work was nowhere near as ostentatious as Hannibal's but he had a reputation as well.

The East Coast Slasher and the Chesapeake Ripper had a date this evening and Will was stoked.

Hannibal could appreciate Will Graham's appearance. The man had cleaned himself up nicely. He looked Hannibal in the eye and walked confidently. This man was different than the one he'd met the previous night.

Mischa was delighted to see him again, clinging to him the moment his coat was off.

Will wore a simple suit, nothing too fancy though his brushed out curls, lack of glasses, and the light spicy scent surrounding him, made his presence all the more noticeable.

His aloof manner softened for a moment in order to coo at Mischa, who giggled and grabbed at his face.

Hannibal oddly found the whole scene charmingly domestic and if all went well, it would be a repetitive scene.

"It's her bedtime," he said, causing the other man to stiffen just a bit.

"I don't think she's letting go," he joked, though he was right.

"Perhaps you'd like to take her then? I have a bassinet down here for her, in the drawing room, through that door," Hannibal suggested, pointing to the proper door.

Will shrugged and led the way, giving Hannibal a perfect view of his backside, which was sculpted so nicely and his trousers gave a perfect view.

When Will returned to the foyer ten minutes later, Hannibal was there to guide him to the kitchen.

"So tell me," Will began. "When did you begin ripping and what is your reason?"

Hannibal eyed him as he sat in the provided chair. "I'm not so sure I know what you mean, dear Will."

Will smirked, adjusting his seating so he looked completely in control, as if he was someone dangerous. And Hannibal realized that indeed… Will *was* dangerous.

"I'd simply like to compare notes, doctor. I prefer *slashing* than *ripping*."

And it clicked then. Will Graham, FBI consultant and teacher, trusted beyond measure and the best the FBI had ever seen, was the East Coast Slasher. A killer much like Hannibal. A killer… whom his daughter was obviously fond of.

Perhaps she was attracted to dangerous, interesting men then.

Hannibal went about planting his dishes, smirking to himself at how Will Graham seemed to become better and better as the moments moved on.

"Why do you slash?" he countered finally, nodding for Will to follow him to the dining room.

"It gives me *power*," said Will almost erotically. "Freedom to revel in the beauty of it. Not many can appreciate their darkness, Dr. Lecter. It's satisfying to know that another person exists like me. I have so longed to meet the man who can turn such base, worthless beings, into the magnificent creations you are known for. Such in depth symbolism in your work. It's *erotic*, *inspiring*, and *stimulating*."

Hannibal could admit that he was becoming more aroused the more Will spoke. The pure adoration in his voice as he spoke of Hannibal's art. It made the doctor lightheaded.

"You may call me Hannibal, dear Will," said the man as he filled their wine glasses.

Taking hold of the man's gaze, he smirked and added, "After all, I'm sure you and I will be acquainted for a very long time."

Will's responding smirk was breathtaking.

Hannibal thanked whatever divine being existed that Mischa liked Will, because he wasn't letting this young man go anywhere.

A/N: Done!

How was it? Let me know.

Check out my other Hannigram fics.

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR, HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

The well awaited second chapter! More to come soon!

Chapter Notes

Oral sex.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Hannibal.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Hannibal had always had exacting control over himself. It was something he taught himself when he was a child. So that adults couldn't take advantage of his emotions and manipulate him. But this one time in his life, he will willingly admit to losing his control and letting his mouth drop open at the shock of what was before him.

Will Graham, fellow psychopathic serial killer, was standing on his doorstep and in his hands was a small cooler. Will was smirking invitingly and the look on his face made Hannibal want to grab him but those unruly curls and pull him inside the house where he'd proceed to claim every delectable inch of Will's body, mind, and soul.

"I hope you don't mind, I was in the neighborhood and thought you'd like a gift."

Hannibal stepped aside, allowing the other man into his home and accepting the cooler with grace and gratitude. A peek inside revealed a human heart encased in a freezer bag and locked in by several packs of ice.

"She was a particularly supercilious pig," said Will.

Hannibal had never been so turned on before. Will Graham had gone out to who knows where and hunted. And his prey yielded much fruit - or meat, since this was a cannibal talking - for Hannibal. Will had gone hunting with Hannibal in mind, retrieving such a heartwarming gift. It was amazing.

Hannibal would absolutely have to return the favor now. One does not let such kind actions go unrewarded after all and William deserved the very best. Hannibal was going to make him a full, five course meal and feed him the fruits of his labors.

And maybe, when Mischa had grown a little more, he and Will could hunt together.

That would be a dream.

"You're baking a cake?" Will asked, leaning against the counter as Hannibal whisked the ingredients in the bowl together.

"It's Mischa's birthday and she loves chocolate."

Will immediately turned around, eyes landing on the little girl playing in the enormous play pen Hannibal had situated in the kitchen so he could know where she was and how she was doing.

It was seven by seven feet wide and two feet high, allowing her to roll around or practice walking to her heart's content.

The little blonde was standing at the edge nearest Will, looking up at him through the mesh of the side. Will descended upon her quickly, pulling her from the pen and clutching her close in order to tickle her pudgy little belly.

"I'm gonna have to go shopping and get you something, aren't I?" he smiled.

Hannibal smiled, happy to see his daughter finally enjoying herself with someone other than him. The potential in her's and Will's growing relationship was obvious to him. He could probably convince Will to watch he so that her may get back into the social scene and fetch better meat for their meals.

"Mischa favors dark shades of red and animal plushies of canines," he informed the other man, who was busy smiling at his daughter.

"I like dogs too," said Will. "I have seven."

That brought Hannibal up short. He hadn't scented any type of canine on Will, nor seen any of those pesky hairs that usually covered the possessions of dog owners.

Mischa was chanting Will's name over and over as she gripped a stray curl.

"Stay," the little girl demanded.

"I'm going to have to leave at some point, darlin'."

With a pout, Mischa asserted herself with a sharp, "No. Stay, Will."

"If it's okay with your father," Will said and suddenly Hannibal was on the receiving end of two pairs of blue eyes, both just begging him to agree.

"I'd love it if you stayed for dinner, dear Will," said Hannibal in all honesty, intent on wooing the young man whom he wanted to crawl inside and consume all at once.

"Stay!" Mischa said.

"Yes, stay."

Hannibal felt no worry when he left his daughter in Will's care a few weeks later. For once, he was able to hunt freely. It had been a while and he was no doubt a little rusty. He needed to make a presentation. He needed to send Will a message.

Freddie Lounds called in a dead body, having gotten an anonymous tip.

Will had to stifle the hard on raging in his jeans. The crime scene before him wasn't gruesome and didn't inspire one to vomit their lunch. It was extremely clean and meticulously put together. And he knew the message behind it.

It was his Ripper.

Hannibal had gone out for a reason and Will knew what it was.

And before him, knelt that very reason.

It was a man, with curls darker than Will's and eyes a shade of green instead of blue, but his skin was nearly the same color and he had the same scruff on his face that Will did.

The man was positioned on his knees, though not in subjugation. Some fishing line kept his body upright and his arms held in place and they held a bouquet of heart roses. Hearts that had been meticulously carved into the shape of roses and then forced onto sturdy twigs, wrapped in white tissue paper, and tied with a bow the same color as Will's eyes.

It was an offering.

It was beautiful.

Will adored Hannibal's art and always had to restrain himself when speaking of the Ripper. He just got so lost in Hannibal's head and emotions that he could feel everything. The enjoyment, pleasure, and even the brief annoyance at the victim for whatever grievance Hannibal had with them.

Setting up his kills in such a way was therapeutic for Hannibal. He found it relaxing, allowing himself to be in his element. He could properly display the art in his mind and now - after so many years alone - he had someone to share it with. Someone who could understand

to a perfect T about wanting someone to know and to appreciate. To understand and want more.

The man was an offering for Will.

If the stately dramatics in the performance weren't enough to point that it was the Ripper, the missing organs certainly did. And Will knew exactly what would happen to them. They had a dinner date tomorrow after all.

Affecting a beleaguered and sad countenance, Will turned to Jack and said, "It's the Ripper, and he's found someone to court."

That evening, Will slipped out of Wolf Trap Virginia, already making plans on what he would do to repay Hannibal's brilliant display.

He was very proud of himself when all was said and done. All he had to do was leave a note for Freddie Lounds and Hannibal would be reading about it by lunch.

That perfect, deadly boy!

Hannibal eyed the blonde woman who had been strung up like a puppet. In her hand was her own heart, held out in offering, inspired by Hannibal's work.

Hannibal's message was that he could provide for Will. That he'd give him the hearts of anyone he wanted. That he'd do anything. Will's response was that his heart was already Hannibal's and all he had to do was claim it. Their own little characteristics thrown in. Hannibal took organs and Will slashed the body.

It was a horrific tale for anyone who could see it for what it was.

The Chesapeake Ripper and the East Coast Slasher were courting each other.

Will looked dashing that evening, flirting with Hannibal lightly and pecking Mischa's cheek as he held her.

Hannibal could get used to this type of atmosphere and the memory of Will's own courtship gift played over and over in his mind.

Will was feeding Mischa her dinner, the little one giggling happily and trying to share her food with Will. Will had acquiesced to her pleas for him to organize her food. She liked it all to be in order of the rainbow. Was very particular about the smallest pieces on her left and the largest on her right.

Out of the ten carrots she'd had, Will had so far had to eat three of them.

She would clap every time and ask, "Good?"

It was charming how Will indulged her whims. How a man capable of causing such carnage and beauty, could be so loving and caring to the right person.

It was gorgeous.

That evening, Hannibal spared no expense in pushing Will up against the front door and ravishing his mouth, allowing the young man to grip him just as tightly, hands fisted in his hair and pulling sharply.

"Do you know what your fucking gift did to me" Will hissed, hips thrusting up against Hannibal's. "My cock was so hard I could barely walk. I had to… think about disgusting things to get it to recede."

Hannibal pulled away from the young man's throat, eyeing his disheveled hair and wanting to make it even messier.

"I know all too well, my Will," breathed Hannibal. "Your surprise for me was so inspiring. So beautiful."

Will moaned, allowing his body to be turned and molded against the door, Hannibal's larger body pressing Will's much leaner frame into the wood. His erection was caught in the cleft of Will's jeans, rubbing back and forth and letting Will know what was waiting for him should he choose to act.

Oh how he wanted to act. But this was a game and the torment of waiting was thrilling as well as torturous.

But he could handle it.

Grinding his ass against Hannibal's erection made him feel powerful, especially when the doctor groaned hotly in his ear and nibbled the skin, thrusting against him again and again.

Will moved against him, pushing back little by little until he had enough to space to whirl around and drop to his knees, where he proceeded to undo Hannibal's slacks and remove the insistent erection from his briefs.

Hannibal braced himself against the door, leaning over Will as the brunet took all of him, intrigued as he'd never sucked an uncut cock before. It wasn't that much different, but the added pleasure of sucking on the foreskin and the way Hannibal's thighs tightened at it, made him smirk in triumph.

Gripping slender hips, Will kept his doctor steady as he used that cock to fuck his own mouth. He'd always preferred to be in control with these things. The other at his mercy and could only get off if he allowed them to.

Lucky for Hannibal, Will wanted his cock only and was perfectly okay with swallowing his cum.

Fracturing that perfect self control was on Will's to do list. He applied more pressure, wiggled his tongue against the bulging veins, hummed, and even bit down just slightly, the added pressure and danger of the situation making Hannibal moan. It wasn't too loud, but that fact that he made any noise at all was a victory.

For being such a good cannibal, Will reached up and flicked his scrotum once, allowing Hannibal's hips to jerk forward and his cock to slip in as far as possible, making Will gag around it. Hannibal released a breath that seemed more like a hiss than anything else. But it was a hiss of pleasure.

Compared to all the cum Will had ever swallowed, there was a distinct difference in Hannibal's. Perhaps it was all the human in his diet.

He pulled off slowly, tucking the man back into his slacks and standing swiftly.

"Well doctor, I enjoyed my meal this evening. I hope we can do this again!" Will said smugly, leaning in to peck Hannibal's cheek and then gripping the doorknob and fleeing before he felt compelled to stay and let the game end.

Hannibal was still breathing heavily as he stood in his foyer. The unexpected turn to their night had been a nice surprise and he found himself wishing he could have prophesied it so he'd had a suitable retaliation available. But Will had managed to slip away.

What a cunning boy he was.

Hannibal's cock twitched at the thought and he groaned again.

So soon?

What wonders Will did for his libido.

A/N: Another is done!

How was it? Let me know.

Check out my other fics.

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Chapter End Notes

I updated a bunch of fics. Merry Christmas and Happy Holidays!

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Our boys are growing closer!
Mischa is pure adorbs!

Chapter Notes

Yes, I am continuing this fic.
We are getting some Murder Family!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Hannibal.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

"This one was done by the Chesapeake Ripper. This one was done by the East Coast Slasher. Very similar in presentation, with only their telltale marks displayed to tell them apart."

Jimmy Price was nodding to himself as he explained the two bodies found a week ago. Brian Zeller looked disgusted and Beverly Katz was unreadable.

"A bouquet of red roses is supposed to mean romantic attachment and since the Ripper carved all twelve out of different hearts, I'd say he's trying to court someone. Inversely, the Slasher took his victim's heart and placed it in her hand in offering, which looks like she's giving her heart away."

Beverly sat up suddenly, "They're courting."

Brian threw his hands up, "Great! Who's gonna tell Crawford?"

"Who's gonna tell me what?"

The three jumped, finding Will Graham and Jack Crawford entering the lab.

Brian nudged Beverly with his elbow. In return, she patted Jimmy's shoulder and both she and Brian stepped back to let him handle it.

With an eye roll, Jimmy simply said, "The Ripper and the Slasher are courting each other," as if he wasn't talking about murderers and psychopaths.

Will was nodding, obviously not finding it surprising, or he had already known about it beforehand.

Crawford cursed long and hard, hand resting on his hips as he shook his head repeatedly. "The two most active and terrifying serial killers in American history are together?"

"No, they're *about* to get together," corrected Zeller, only to cower away when Jack's glare landed on him.

"So does this mean they know each other?" Beverly asked, posing the question that was surely on everyone's minds.

Jack looked to Will, who shrugged.

"It's possible they both know each other. It's possible that one of them knows who the other is. It's even possible that both know and are simply dancing around each other to feel each other out. You know… the old, 'can you provide for us?' thing."

Jack groaned, "I want these two found! Maybe they'll mess up soon and we can find them. Remind me of the profile on the Slasher?"

"Younger than the Ripper and prefers hunting knives," said Beverly.

"Doesn't care about his victim's race, gender, or sexuality. Picks at random like the Ripper," added Jimmy.

"Also despises child abusers and rapists if his display of Jerome Olmir is any indication," Brian concluded.

Jack turned to Will, who finished with, "Single child who needed more attention growing up. Lonely. Has a deep fascination with theater and literature."

"We need more depth to this one if we're ever going to catch him. There's gotta be something that sets him apart from other people. The Ripper takes organs. He's exotic, controlled, crafty, and skilled. He wears a mask that lets him fit among people. *This* one is like your average Joe though. Could be anyone. He doesn't wear a mask to blend in with people. Maybe he wears some other kind of mask."

Will was impressed with Jack's profiling. True enough, his mask didn't make him blend in with people, it blended him into the background. Something easily overlooked. A dark corner that no one paid attention to.

Jack couldn't be allowed to get any more information on the Slasher. Will would have to find some way of deterring him or maybe just offing him when the time came.

Still, he had a date this evening with the Chesapeake Ripper and his daughter. Perhaps he could get Hannibal's opinion.

"Will!"

Mischa Lecter was a clingy little girl and she liked to have all of Will's attention when he came by. And if she felt that Will was not giving her all of his time, she would even go so far as to grab his face and make him focus on her.

"Saw big dog," she told him, eyes wide with excitement. "Want dog. Daddy says no."

She pouted then, casting Hannibal a look that told him of her displeasure. Will gave a theatrical gasp, playing along with the child. "How mean!"

She nodded gravely and together, they stared at the blond man, equally disappointed with him.

Hannibal placed a hand to his chest, joining in on the game. "You can't team up on me! It's not fair."

Mischa gave a little huff, "If we had dog, he be on your side."

Will snorted at the attempt. It deserved recognition because it was delivered so smoothly and for a three year old, it was fucking hilarious!

Hannibal gave a smile and patted her blonde curls. "Dear one, we won't need to get a dog because Will has seven."

Mischa's head whipped around to look at Will. "You live with us now?"

Will glared halfheartedly at Hannibal since they hadn't actually *discussed* that at all. He looked at the little girl who was practically begging him to confirm her father's words, and gave another sigh. "Yep."

She squealed, "Doggy!"

While the child bounced around the kitchen, jabbering excitedly about the dogs she was going to have, Will sent his suitor a look. "We will talk later."

He wasn't selling his house in Wolf Trap.

Hannibal found himself approached by the FBI to help none other than Will Graham with psychiatric assistance. He and Will got along really well and since Mischa liked Will, he could just bring Will to his home and conduct therapy sessions there.

While completely unethical and strange, he had agreed. Helping the FBI and slipping in right under their noses alongside his soon-to-be lover was the best play of the century.

So William was going to Minnesota for a new case and Hannibal had been asked if he could join and he and Will could take turns watching over Mischa when they were in the vicinity of the FBI's work. While Hannibal didn't want to take Mischa along, he knew he'd have to if he wanted to be with Will and see him in action.

And his dear daughter did not trust anyone but he and Will. Hannibal *did* take her desires into mind and he would not leave her in the incapable hands of some stranger who would no doubt ruin everything he had strived for.

Of course he then insisted that he and his darling Will stay in the same hotel, seeing as it would just be foolish for them to be separated, especially when Hannibal was going to need an alibi.

And his Will rolled his eyes at the need for opulence, but went along with it anyway.

While stopping for lunch in a small cafe, Hannibal was insulted by a young woman who was supposed to be the waitress. Instead, she not only got mouthy with her boss, but the customers as well and blew her cigarette smoke in the doctor's face. The young woman was fired immediately and Hannibal proceeded to memorize her name, scent, and license plate number.

"We'll have a lovely breakfast tomorrow morning."

Will snorted. "Protein Scramble?"

"Only the best for my precious ones. I hope you enjoy my gift."

Will accepted his lingering kiss with a smile.

Mischa stole away their attention once again as she began to point out the different foods on their table.

Both men were unable to keep their smiles off their faces.

Breakfast was indeed delicious. Mischa was the little darling that they expected her to be. Hannibal did not travel light. He kept only the best on himself and Will was frustrated at having to wear such hideous clothes next to his significant other who was so smartly attired.

"We will have a busy day today," predicted Hannibal.

"Of that I am sure."

Hannibal's creation was beautiful. Cassie Boyle didn't deserve to be made into such beauty, but Hannibal had at least made her worth something in death.

His put upon disgust and worry over the body had Jack and his team fooled. They easily believed him when he said it wasn't the Shrike and that it was a Copycat. Will painted this gruesome picture of someone who liked what they saw and wanted to pay homage.

A warning that they may see more Copycat creations, but that they may never murder the same way ever again. Unless Hannibal decided to throw in a surprise just to mess with everyone's minds. Hannibal was unpredictable and could at any time, decide to spice things up.

The two shared a serene smile over Mischa's sleepy head. The following days would be interesting.

"She would make a lovely pâté," murmured Hannibal as he and Will shuffled through files and files that would hopefully give them some insight to their killer.

Will already had an idea in mind of a middle aged man who wasn't pleased that he and his teenage daughter were growing older. He was having separation issues because she was of the age where teenagers left the nest and went off to college to expand their horizons.

His love for his daughter was not unlike Hannibal's was for Mischa, but he went about it in a creepy way. And while the similarities were striking, such as the eating of human flesh, they had so many differences. Will found himself intrigued, but preferring Hannibal no matter what.

Perhaps he was biased.

The Chesapeake Ripper was much more interesting than the Minnesota Shrike was. Plain and simple.

Mischa was sitting in a swing that Hannibal had brought along, because he didn't want her to be bored while he and Will did the digging.

"I wouldn't go near her with a thirty-nine and a half foot pole," the brunet mumbled back, casting an annoyed look over his shoulder, at the woman who was very loudly chewing gum in the office.

"You are near her right now," the doctor pointed out.

"Not by choice."

It was then, thankfully then, that Will's eyes landed on a resignation letter and on that letter, was a name.

Garret Jacob Hobbs. He'd up and resigned, giving a month's notice as expected. Interestingly, it was only one day after Elise Nichols had been found in her own bed. He gave no reason for his desire to terminate his contract, and left only a phone number as a way to contact him.

Will showed the paper to Hannibal, who cocked a brow.

This was their guy.

Garret Jacob Hobbs had a nineteen year old daughter and a wife. He often went hunting, according to his coworkers. The man was middle aged and his daughter, a pale, wind chafed, brunette with blue eyes, often came to work to bring him food.

It couldn't be more perfect.

Will found Hobbs' place of residence and Hannibal drove them out to a lavish home in a nice, neighborhood. A type that Will had never been acquainted with in his younger years.

"Stay in the car and wait for Jack."

He left Hannibal then, in order to go and knock on the door.

A girl opened the door, with features he had come to expect.

"Can I help you?" she asked, her voice light and innocent. Will felt something inside himself try to lurch at the girl. A sort of obsessive feeling that made him breathless.

Hobbs was really covetous of his only child.

The moment was completely ruined by a shrill scream that tore through the house. And it wasn't just one of fear, but also pain and panic.

The girl had turned around immediately, and dashed back into the house to confront whatever the problem was. Will cursed and looked back to the car, seeing Hannibal smiling at him as if nothing was wrong.

That dick. He was somehow behind this and Will was going to have to teach him a lesson, wasn't he?

With his gun in hand, Will silently stepped into the house, ears picking up on the squealing and crying of the girl.

Rounding the corner of the kitchen, he found his prey and the girl.

"You don't want to kill her, Garret. Either you die or you both die. Do you really want her to die and not be honored?"

The man, his crazed eyes wide with panic, went still for a second, and it was all the time Will needed.

Will shot him in the exposed shoulder, forcing him back. And a shot in the arm to make him drop the large knife. The girl fell forward, landing hard on her knees. There was a line of blood running down her throat.

"Ms. Hobbs, I want you to go outside and wait by the car parked in front of your house. The man inside is Hannibal Lecter and he is a surgeon. He should be able to help you. Be mindful

of the toddler in the backseat. And when the FBI arrives, do not speak to anyone but Hannibal."

The girl, gasping and shaking, crawled away from her father's fallen form and out of the kitchen. Will kept Garret at gunpoint.

This night was going to be long and tiresome.

Hannibal stared at the young girl in the hospital bed. Abigail had not been gravely injured, though the cut on her throat was deep enough to scar. Still, she had been through a full medical examination where they had to pump her stomach and they found human flesh inside her body, as well as her dead mother's body, and her injured father's body.

Hobbs had been feeding his family the meat he had labored to capture and they had never known.

And the girl, she could be useful.

Will had ordered her to not speak to anyone but Hannibal, no matter what happened. She had taken his words, informed Hannibal of what she had been told and proceeded to play the innocent, injured lamb quite well. The victim that needed strong support from a calm and capable individual in order to function.

She had taken Will's instruction and run with it, which gave Hannibal much to consider.

Hannibal had played along with Will's plan and Abigail's reaction to it. He'd used his profession to give the girl some space. To allow her to remain rather free of Jack's hard headed questioning for the most part.

Something about her stood out to him. Her instinctive reaction was to immediately play the wounded child who was attacked. And when she learned of her father's proclivities for hunting, she reacted as one would expect. But Will and Hannibal had both seen it.

Something among the reaction was completely fabricated and while the disgust of eating human flesh was genuine, not everything in her reaction was truth.

It gave them much to consider and dare Hannibal say, hope.

Hannibal and Will returned to their hotel for the final time on their trip, Will sending him displeased glances every few minutes.

"I simply wished to liven things up."

"You made my life more difficult."

Hannibal set Mischa into her bassinet and took up Will's hand, placing a kiss upon the back of it. "Soon you shall understand the plan I have in mind. And then you will thank me for my amazing plotting skills."

Will snorted. "Yes. And I'm going to thank you by giving you some rest tonight."

Wait.

"You get to sleep in your own bed. Congratulations!"

That was not part of the plan.

"And if you want Abigail to become a part of our family so you and I can finally go out a catch our dinner together, you better be willing to put in the effort it will take, to wrap her tightly into our world."

At least not *all* of the plan had been ruined.

There was still hope for the future.

And Hannibal was certain he could convince Will to return to his bed. It wasn't like they'd do anything but sleep/

Not yet. Not while Mischa was in the room.

But perhaps with another around, who could be groomed into the kind of person Mischa would like, Hannibal and Will could finally have their time together.

A/N: Another is done!

How was it? Let me know!

Check out my other Hannigram fics!

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Chapter End Notes

How was it?

End Notes

Considering a sequel chapter. Should I do it?

Edit: SEQUEL CHAPTER TO BE POSTED AT CHRISTMAS!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!